

by SOPHIA SACO  
WELLESLEY COLLEGE CLASS OF 2022

The melting pot has long since boiled over, an overflow of bitterness;  
They lack *aji*, they lack color and themes;  
They fear what was once the land of dreams and prosperity;  
The West is not the gold mine—the Western World is broken.  
My rice and beans are tasteless and I have been stripped of identification at the borders;  
My only coronas left are the ones in Spain's collection as a prize for their *conquistas*;  
My cumín is my cumín because it is colored too.

Tell me why I should remain calm  
Because all I see is unseasoned logic.

How this poem read by the author. Visit [wellesley.edu/poetry](http://wellesley.edu/poetry).

POETRY

AN EXCERPT FROM

"UNSEASONED"



John F. Kennedy

@JohnFKennedy



Following

No President should fear  
public scrutiny of his program.  
For from that scrutiny comes  
understanding; and from that  
understanding comes support  
or opposition. And both are  
necessary.

9:10 PM · 27 Apr 1961



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